

Mind Games

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A story about a person (me) with a surprise ending.

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Wings_Of_Black/53895/Mind-Games

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Mind games

The last blow falls with numbing pain. My arm breaks with a sickening crack, driving me past my limits with agony. I scream deafening cries before snapping my mouth closed, biting my tongue and filling my mouth with blood. I fall to the floor, dazed and drooling crimson. My vision darkens and I only see shadows as they move around in front of me. Picking me up, held to a wall. Steel spikes through my wrists, ankles, and shoulders, and the ground drops away. Shuddering helplessly as the fresh pain jolts down my spine, I lose all hope. Death while nailed like an insect on a board.

Waking up hours later, my broken arm is stiff and numb, curled up against my chest. Dried blood floats to the floor from the corners of my mouth and my wrists and shoulders. My ankles refuse to move, as if they were severed from my body, but I see them lying motionless before me. Paralysis seems to have taken hold of me until a touch lands on my shoulder. I swallow a scream but am unable to turn my head to either side. My eyes dart back and forth frantically.

A whisper of air brushed my cheek. Soft lips touch and I feel them twist upward into a sadistic grin. I feel long claws creep around my shin. "Oh, so cruel you are. Thriving on another's pain? You are afraid of pain, so how fair is that? If I said I enjoyed watching your silent screams I'd be lying. I do this to prove a point. Is it proven?"

I still couldn't move.

"I thought so. Such a pathetic human. Wake up and face reality. Be kind even though someone hasn't been kind to you, for once. You'll never know what influence that will make in their head until you try it. Enemies have become friends before. What makes you think that can't happen to you? I know your mental pain; I can feel and hear it within. 'Ex-best friend' tears you apart inside. If your emotions could bleed, you would be dead. Think it to yourself. I dare you. Ex-best friend. You know your heart throbs. Your throat tightens and your mouth goes dry. It feels as though someone hit you in the chest and you feel real pain as if you were actually struck.

"Look away now, deny what you hear. Lie all you want but I know exactly how you feel. You're in pain all the time. Mental pain. Do you fear it like you do physical pain? I know you do. Would you hurt yourself if you could relieve the pain inside by doing so? Physical scars are each themselves a story. Mental scars, however, are never purposely revealed. What would you think if they knew that? Ah yes, you fear rejection almost as much as pain.

"Get a grip on life and swallow the fear as fast as it comes upon you." The being caught a tear as it fell from my chin, licking it up and seeming to savor the salty taste. "Pathetic you. When will you learn that tears solve nothing?"

"What really keeps the pain coming; keeps you going? A thing? An emotion? Hope? Hope that it will get

better. You're not even an adult. The worst has hardly touched your mind. What will keep you going when you have nothing left? The money in the bank? That last distant friend? The last flicker of hope. Do not worry; all things come to an end eventually. Just the question is, how long are you willing to wait? I'm sure at the peak of your misery you'll find the comfort that you needed the most. Look to me. After all, I am your mind. Don't you like the thing you created? Don't you like the smallest things I know that you're too afraid to acknowledge? You made me, miserable wench. You made the dark evil that I am. Only you. No one else. Enjoy me while I last. I'll only be here until you decide to let go."

The voice grew silent and the thing moved away. It was then that I realized how very alone I was.

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